

FEMALE MIMICS

No. 6

Price: \$1.50

FOR THE
ADULT READER

ACME



Featuring
NEW YORK'S
82 - CLUB



VINNIE SOMMERS



RANDY TAYLOR



CAPUCINE



THE WORLD'S FOREMOST

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



FEMALE MIMICS



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AUGUST 1965

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Cover: Scenes from 82 Club

**Color Insert: Capucine
Randy Taylor**

Back Cover: Randy Taylor

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Randy Taylor...
A Man-Sized
International
Star





'Incredible' 'Dazzling' 'A True Artist' — these are just a few of the many bouquets of words used to describe Randy Taylor. Men and women are awed by Randy, and his fabulous appearances are awaited eagerly in the top clubs of New York, Paris and Hamburg.





CAN YOU GUESS THE BIG DIFFERENCE? Randy is a mimic with a **SPECIAL GIMMICK!** In a day when women's wigs are made in fabulous fashions — matched to complexion and personality, Randy has cultivated a full head of luxuriant, glamorously blonde hair — Yes, Randy's crowning glory is his own!





Randy Taylor...

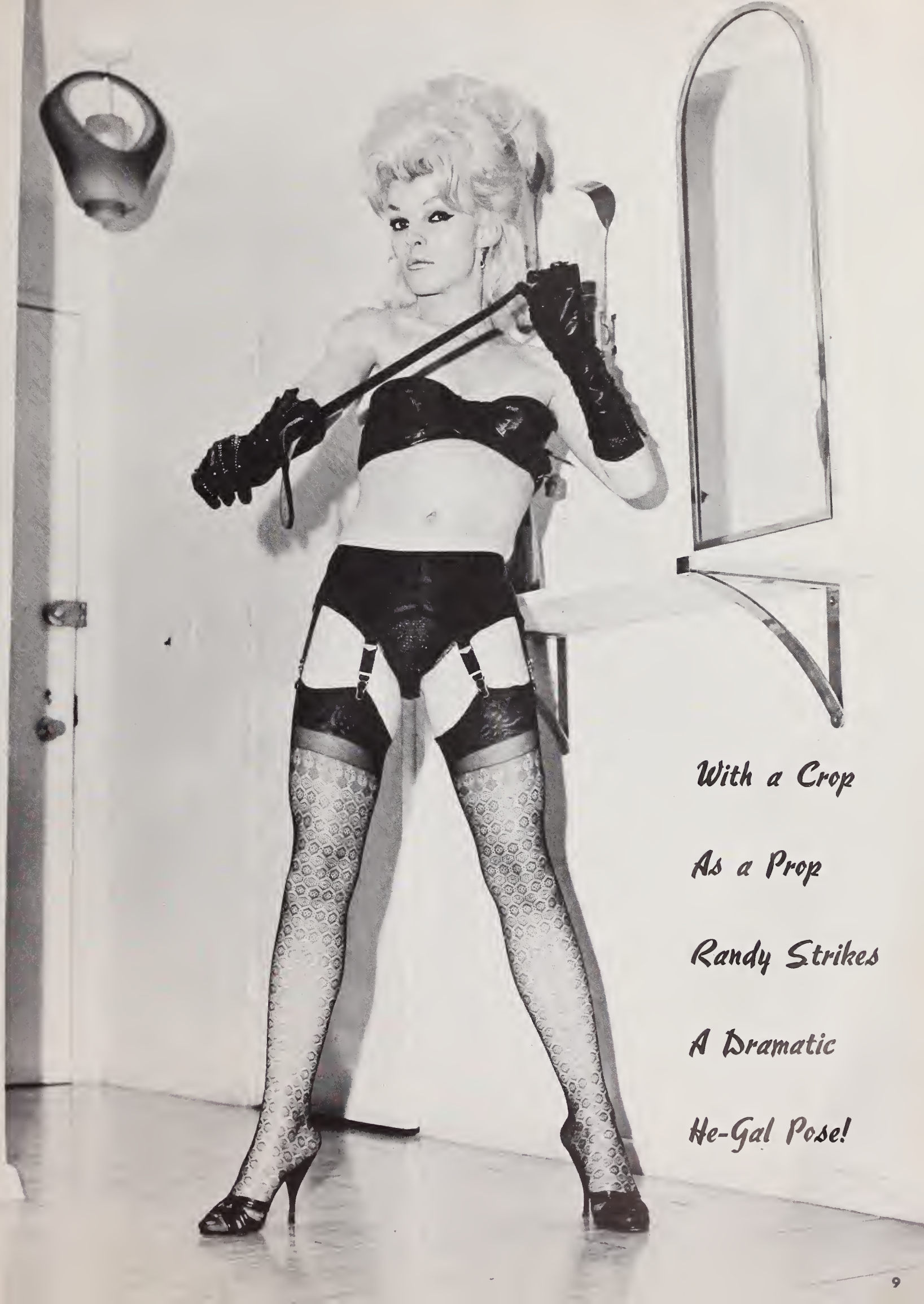
Randy knows that "It's what's up front that counts!" and here he displays a remarkably keen understanding of how to get the most out of a little padding, and lots of natural charms.





A touch of leather and tempting textured stockings transform Randy into subtly wicked gal with a devilish desire. It's just a pose, however, because Randy doesn't have a mean streak in him — it's just part of the many faces he can re-create so well. That's Star-Quality!





With a Crop

As a Prop

Randy Strikes

A Dramatic

He-Gal Pose!

Years of hard study have gone into Randy's ability to capture his realistic expressions. Notice the arch of the brows; the pouting lips; the glamorously turned ankle.





*As The Man Of
The House, Randy
Does the Familiar
Job Of Zipping
Up His Own Dress
He's Got The Best
Of Both Worlds*

ALL DRESSED UP AND PLENTY OF PLACES TO GO — Could the girl next door look any prettier? Randy says “Yes” because he dates the girl next door and thinks she’s a knock-out.



MISTER ACTRESS

By - John Chalmers

Adam and Eve wore the same costume — a fig leaf!

As time passed, the male and the female began to express their difference of sex in the manners of dress.

Modern Society says, "Slacks for the man; skirts for the women!"

Who's kidding who?

It is possible to walk down a street in Edinburgh, Scotland and see the man in skirts and the woman in slacks. Even the dress designers are pushing slacks for the woman for formal occasions.

The male is left with slacks, and all too often badly tailored! His costume rarely changes these days. Yet, women borrow freely from his wardrobe. He can't borrow from hers; at least not in public!

If the husband wore a Dior to the opera, the audience, I fear, would pay more attention to him than to the singers on stage.

What is there left for men today?

For one thing, the male can be quite content with his baggy coat and ill-fitting slacks. The other thing the male can do is take his grievance out in satire — don the feminine frock, and amuse the general public in frolicsome teasing.

Who has not seen and enjoyed the show at Club 82 in New York City, or any of the Jewel Box Revues across the country? The all-male casts have dresses, lingerie and other female wardrobes that would make the average housewife drool!

It is all in fun. It is bright and full of spirit. Most important, these performances of female mimics are Art!

How did it all begin? When, where, how, why, who?

History does not record the actual beginning and custom of men adorning themselves in female clothes, but in the Bible, the pronouncement was made that no male shall wear female clothes.

We can gather from that that "way back when" the male urge to impersonate the opposite sex was prominent. It's as old as Moses.

History has recorded the facts that some of the Roman emperors paraded in their wives' clothes:

Nero and Caligula among the most notable.

In the realm of stage performances, we have Mister Actress both acting and singing.

As early as 1532, the pope approved of boy sopranos being castrated. The boy, as he grew older, kept the soprano voice. He was called castrati. He reigned mainly in opera, and how he reigned! The last castrati sang in 1825. The nearest we have today is the countertenors Alfred Deller and Russell Oberlin.

In the more serious domain of female impersonation, we must look to the 16th Century, the Elizabethan theatre in England. The theatres of Italy and Spain also had their female mimics.

The theatre of the late 16th Century and early 17th Century was a theatre of males. (It must not be forgot, though, that the audience was heartily crammed with masked ladies, full-faced lesser women, and down-right bawdy wenches!)

All during the 16th and 17th Centuries, kings and the royal family would act in pageants, putting on the frills and fineries of satins and laces. The pageants were the only form of entertainment the ladies could act in.)

When the Puritans came in power, Cromwell, in his severe religious pietism, closed the theatres because he considered them the house of shame governed by the Devil!

Not till the late 1660's did King Charles, when he regained his kingly power, open the theatres. But a change took place.

During this period, called the Restoration, women finally made their public appearance as professional actresses. Soon Mister Actress performed only male roles. A certain magic had been taken from Theatre when this happened.

Gradually, as women took over their female roles in theatre and opera, Mister Actress had to find a new place to perform.

In the early 19th Century, a new form of entertainment arrived: vaudeville.

Vaudeville gave the female mi-

mic a marvelous opportunity to sell his wares. He picked up his skirts, joined the bandwagon, and has held his place firmly as Mister Actress ever since.

That's the story in a nutshell. Now, let's see what happened in history to Mister Actress.

We should make a distinction at this point between female impersonation and transvestitism.

WHAT IS TRANSVESTITISM?

Basically, transvestitism is the tendency to put on clothes of the opposite sex for the sake of wanting to *be* that sex. It is allied with sexual drive, or lack of it.

Psychologists tell us that the person 'suffering' from transvestitism lives in a neurotic delusion of gender. The patient puts on the clothes of the opposite sex for the sexual pleasure found in wearing those clothes. It is a fetish.

We must approach female mimicry, on the other hand, as a theatrical device. Theatre is the temple of deception. It is the kingdom of acting.

WHAT IS ACTING?

Acting is make-believe. Little children play 'house'. "Your Daddy, and I'm the Mama," a little girl says, wearing mother's high-heels. The little boy plays Daddy, lowering his voice, and the little girl plays Mommy, giving orders for housekeeping. Both believe at that moment that they are Daddy and Mama.

Acting is a deception.

Richard Burton played Hamlet. The audience accepted the premise that he *was* Hamlet. But never in a million years could Burton *be* Hamlet, because Hamlet died a thousand years ago. Burton was only acting the role of Hamlet, but his deception was so convincing that the audience *believed* he *was* Hamlet.

So it is with the delight of the Female Mimic. He gowns himself in satins and furs, diamonds, superb make-up, a long and stylish wig. He shods himself in high heels.

Most important of all, Mister Actress assumes an attitude in keeping with his mimicking role!

That attitude raises his perform-

ance to the realm of Art!

Audiences sit entranced in clubs all over the world. They watch Mister Actress caper and amuse the room. If you were to walk in on the middle of a performance, not knowing that she was a HE, you would be most astonished to discover the deception.

Our modern time has strange ideas on the attitude an audience has or is supposed to have toward Mister Actress. "He wears the pants; she, the skirts." But sometimes one wonders if virility is measured just by the pants that a man is supposed to wear!

JULIET — HE!

In the Elizabethan era, in Shakespeare's theatre, the female roles were all played by boys. These boys were training to be actors. This was their apprenticeship.

The audience 'ate it up.' There was standing-room-only when *ROMEO AND JULIET* first played.

The garden scene in *ROMEO AND JULIET* was one of the most potently passionate scenes of the Elizabethan theatre.

The Londoner of 1594, when *ROMEO AND JULIET* was first presented, avidly attended the performance at the Globe Theatre. He was a lusty person; virile, strong, trained in the art of self-defense. The world was his 'oyster'. It didn't hurt his virility nor his imagination to know that the Juliet he was seeing was a boy!

(The first Juliet's name, by the way, was Robert Goffe, and as a man, he played many virile male roles!)

It was a convention of the times. If a woman had played the role of Juliet, this lusty Londoner would probably have balked and asked for his money back. He would also have been quite shocked!

Keep in mind that in this play, *ROMEO AND JULIET*, at no time do the lovers kiss. The lines of the play do not require them to kiss. They only have three scenes together, and in two of them they are too far apart to make love. The only time they really have opportunity to touch at all is in the first scene when they meet at Juliet's house during a ball, and then at the end of the play when Juliet discovers the dead Romeo.

The idea of the lovers kissing in the garden scene is a 19th century innovation, when women played the role.

Another female role Mister Ac-

tress played first was Lady Macbeth. Again, Macbeth and his lady never kiss. In fact, if they did the gorey plot would fall slightly from its main purpose of blood and ambitious royalty.

Cleopatra was first played by a young man. No kiss, again. People overlook the fact that Mark Anthony and Cleopatra, in Shakespeare's play, never kiss. They are barely left alone on the stage to consummate any passion. Yet, we, today, since women play the role, accept it as a fabulous drama involving sex!

The only play that really demands Mister Actress to be kissed by his fellow actor (and with great passion, too!) is *OTHELLO*.

The kiss that the Moor, Othello, gives Desdemona at the beginning of the play should be a 'hot' kiss. A kiss of sensual submission!

The plot of the play depends on the conviction Mister Actress and his Othello give that kiss. From this kiss, Othello's overwhelming love for Desdemona had to be made known. As the play progresses, Othello becomes jealous to the point of insanity. At one point he falls into a fit.

On the lusty stage of the Shakespearean theatre, we can be certain that Mister Actress gave his all to his role, for after all, he was learning the art of deception.

The Londoner, sitting in the audience, probably knew the young man playing Desdemona, and applauded gleefully at the passion Mister Actress gave in the kiss.

If a young man were to play Desdemona today, and the Othello were to plant a solemn kiss on his lips, the audience would be appalled, shocked, and certainly write protests to the producers.

Not so in Shakespeare's time.

At the end of the play, Othello says, "I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way, but this, killing myself, to die upon a kiss." The sage direction then reads, "He falls over Desdemona and dies."

The Elizabethan audience wept over that kiss. Mister Actress was most convincing in his acting.

At the same time when Mister Actress was portraying lovely Juliets, sweet Desdemonas, and gorey Lady Macbeths, the musical world of opera also had its version of Mister Actress; the castrati from Italy.

WHAT IS CASTRATI?

The word 'castrati' gives a de-

finite hint as to what it means: castration.

Some readers may object to the inclusion of this form of female mimicry, but as you will see, the mention of Castrati has a definite place in upholding the tradition of Female Mimics.

As early as 1532, the pope ordained that the sweet young voice of the boy-soprano should not be lost to the world. The pope approved of castration of those chosen boy-sopranos so that the sweetness of their heavenly voices might not be stopped by post-public cracking.

The Roman Catholic church has always been a strong supporter of music. Composers have devoted their lives to fulfilling the demands of music in the Church.

Opera, in the early 16th Century, began to become a popular musical form, under the direction of Monteverdi. Composers wanted to write exciting music. In most cases, the kind of music the composers wanted to write could not be sung by the male voice. The male voice could not manipulate the tricky vocalises the composers wanted to compose.

The composers looked to the boy-sopranos from the cathedral choirs for their sources of inspiration.

Women did not sing in the church at this time, just for the same reason they did not act on the stage. It was a man-dominated world.

Besides, the enchantment of the castrated-male voice had a quality no female voice could or can even now duplicate. The nearest sound we have today of the castrati is the countertenor voices of Alfred Deller and Russell Oberlin.

How did the castrati get their start?

Certain boy-sopranos, leading singers from the choirs, were selected for sweetness and clarity of voice to be castrated. Their parents had to consent to the operation. Quite often, the parents were poor. They knew well enough that if they consented to the castration of their son, they would have an excellent source of income.

The authorities knew that the divine quality of the boy-soprano's voice would never be lost, that the boy would have that great sounding soprano voice as a man. His voice would be agile and far surpass any musical passages a female

(Continued on Page 64)

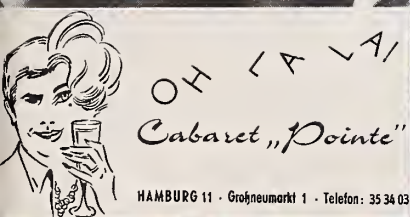
Presenting From Hamburg, Germany

THE CABARET 'POINTE'

featuring

R I C K Y R E N E E

A Heavenly Talent
Who Reached For
The Sky And
Became A
BRILLIANT STAR



EXCLUSIVE . . . the following facts were sent to FEMALE MIMICS by the Star himself —

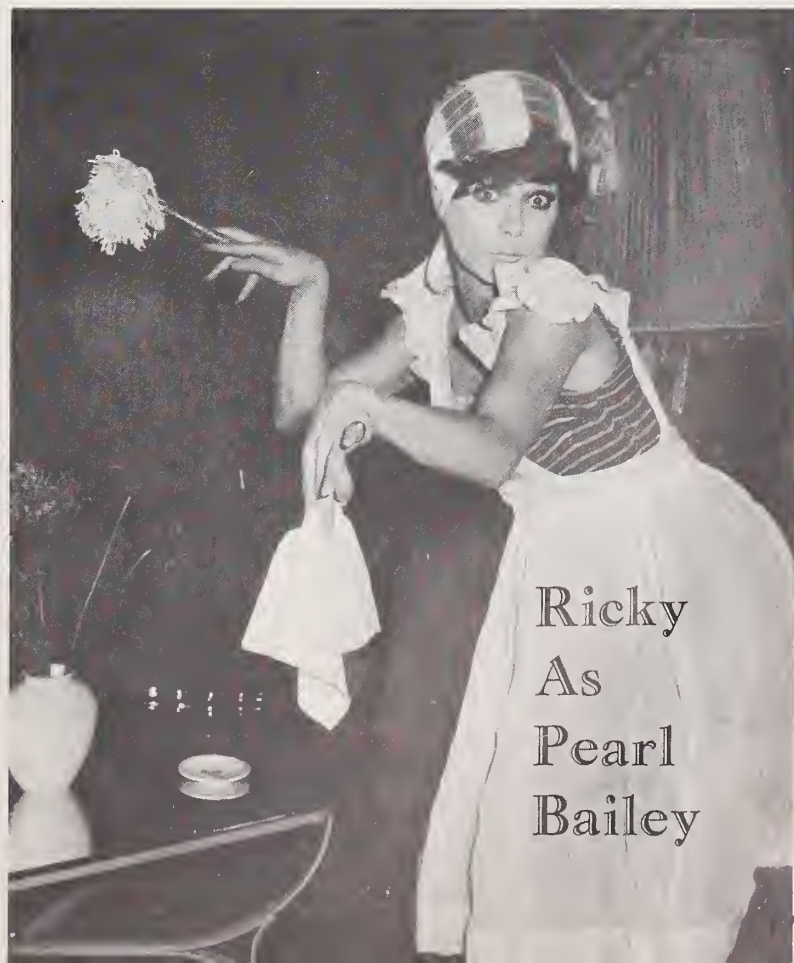
HOW IT BEGAN . . . Ricky left his native Florida at the tender age of 14 to hit the bright lights of Broadway. As a child in Florida, Ricky had been dancing and singing since the age of 6. A winner of many dance contests, he also appeared in several films.

IN NEW YORK . . . the tough road to stardom led Ricky into jobs ranging from elevator operator to dance instructor. With money saved he studied with the famous Katherine Dunham.





THE STAR RISES — Ricky stayed with the “Jewel Box” for a few years and then returned to New York. He put together his own show and took it all over the country. He designed the costumes, did the choreography and starred. A London producer saw the show and asked for it.



TO LONDON AND BEYOND . . . Ricky was a sensation in London, where he was voted one of London's "Top Ten Artists." From there he went on the continent, enjoying success after success in such places as Paris, Vienna, Rome and the French Riviera.

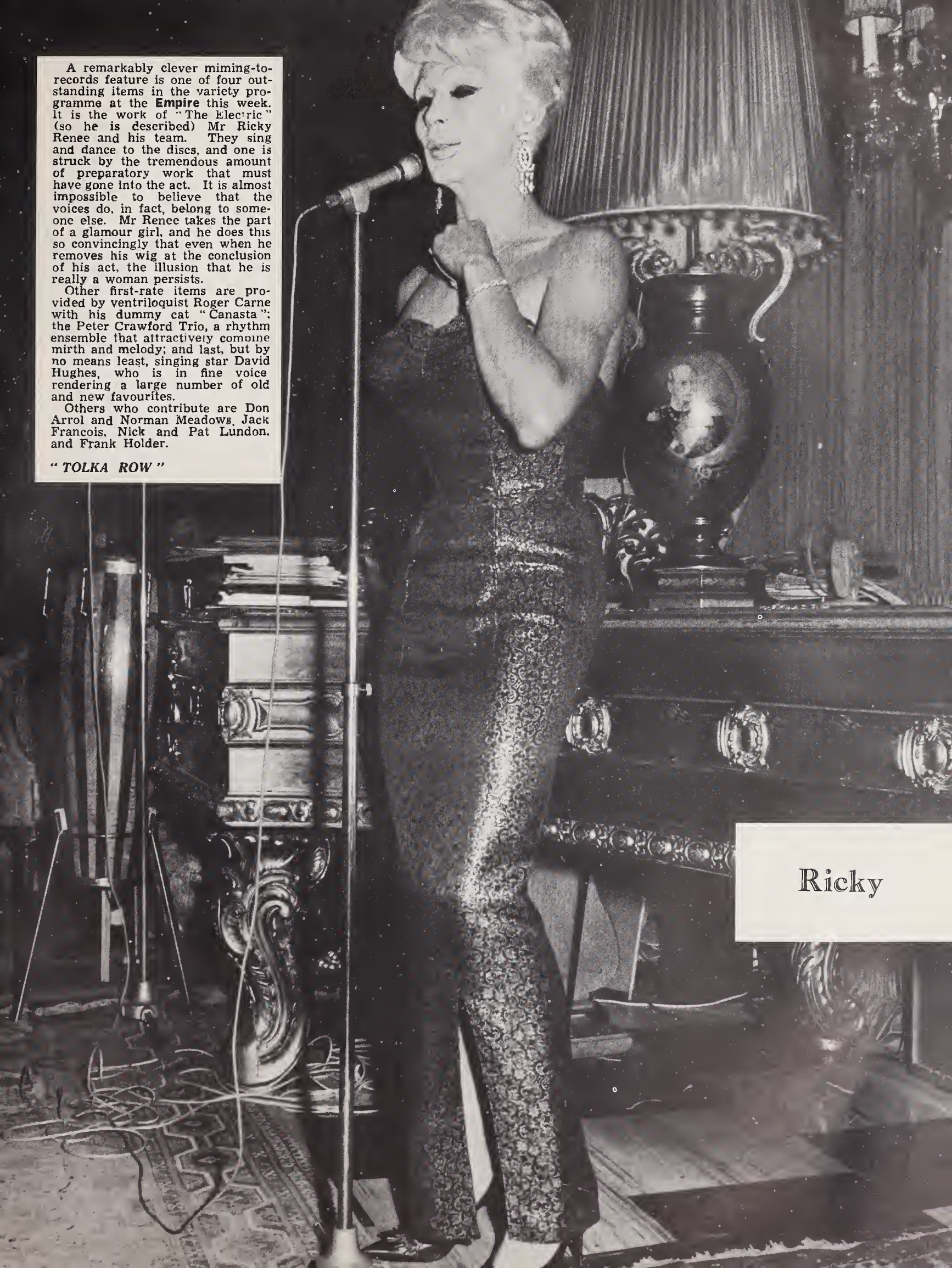


A remarkably clever miming-to-records feature is one of four outstanding items in the variety programme at the **Empire** this week. It is the work of "The Electric" (so he is described) Mr Ricky Renee and his team. They sing and dance to the discs, and one is struck by the tremendous amount of preparatory work that must have gone into the act. It is almost impossible to believe that the voices do, in fact, belong to someone else. Mr Renee takes the part of a glamour girl, and he does this so convincingly that even when he removes his wig at the conclusion of his act, the illusion that he is really a woman persists.

Other first-rate items are provided by ventriloquist Roger Carne with his dummy cat "Canasta"; the Peter Crawford Trio, a rhythm ensemble that attractively combine mirth and melody; and last, but by no means least, singing star David Hughes, who is in fine voice rendering a large number of old and new favourites.

Others who contribute are Don Arrol and Norman Meadows, Jack Francois, Nick and Pat London, and Frank Holder.

"TOLKA ROW"



Ricky



THE CABARET 'POINTE' . . . For the past several years Ricky has made Europe his home. As star of the 'Pointe' Ricky is known as "Mr. Entertainment." In his fabulous show, Ricky does everything from a famous rags-to-riches number (his own!) to a tasteful strip tease production.





...with Ella Fitzgerald

ALMOST EVERY NIGHT
RICKY IS VISITED BY
THE STARS HE IMI-
TATES.



...with Jayne Mansfield

RICKY IS ON TOP and staying on top. His flawless performances, always done in the best taste, have made him endure as a star! Whether in one of his many TV shows, on stage, or in his latest movie, "Il Mondo Di Notte," Ricky's actions speak louder than words. As long as his audiences are happy, he's happy! Ricky advises new comers to work hard for stardom, and harder to remain a star. "Whatever you do," he says, "do it wholeheartedly and you'll win."



Sylvia



CABARET 'POINTE'

Ramonita



SHOW STOPPERS

Bertolino



Danny





Bertolino

A singer, dancer and comedian, Bertolino was born more than 60 years ago, and still goes strong . . . A true artist, he is known all over Europe and has appeared on bills with such performers as Maurice Chevalier and Josephine Baker.





Sylvia

From classic ballet, Sylvia went on to female impersonation. At the 'Pointe' he is featured as a singer, and comedian. A native German, Sylvia sings in her country's tongue — but anyone can understand the language. His wit and jokes are keen — his songs, sometimes just a bit off-color, are always in demand.

Danny

The spotlight focuses on the petite, and oh so French, Danny Dan! Danny's act is truly unusual. He comes on stage with gaily colored material flowing over his body, and right before the audience's eyes he creates a beautiful French gown. Before he is finished, Danny fashions at least six knock-out gowns at every appearance. He also fills in as M.C. at the first show.



An exciting mixture of French and Spanish blood blends to make Ramonita Vargas a Hamburg favorite. With a special kind of exciting allure, Ramonita wears gorgeous costumes, and performs some red-hot dance and song numbers. He tours throughout Europe, and has made several movies.



Ramonita

from Paris . . .

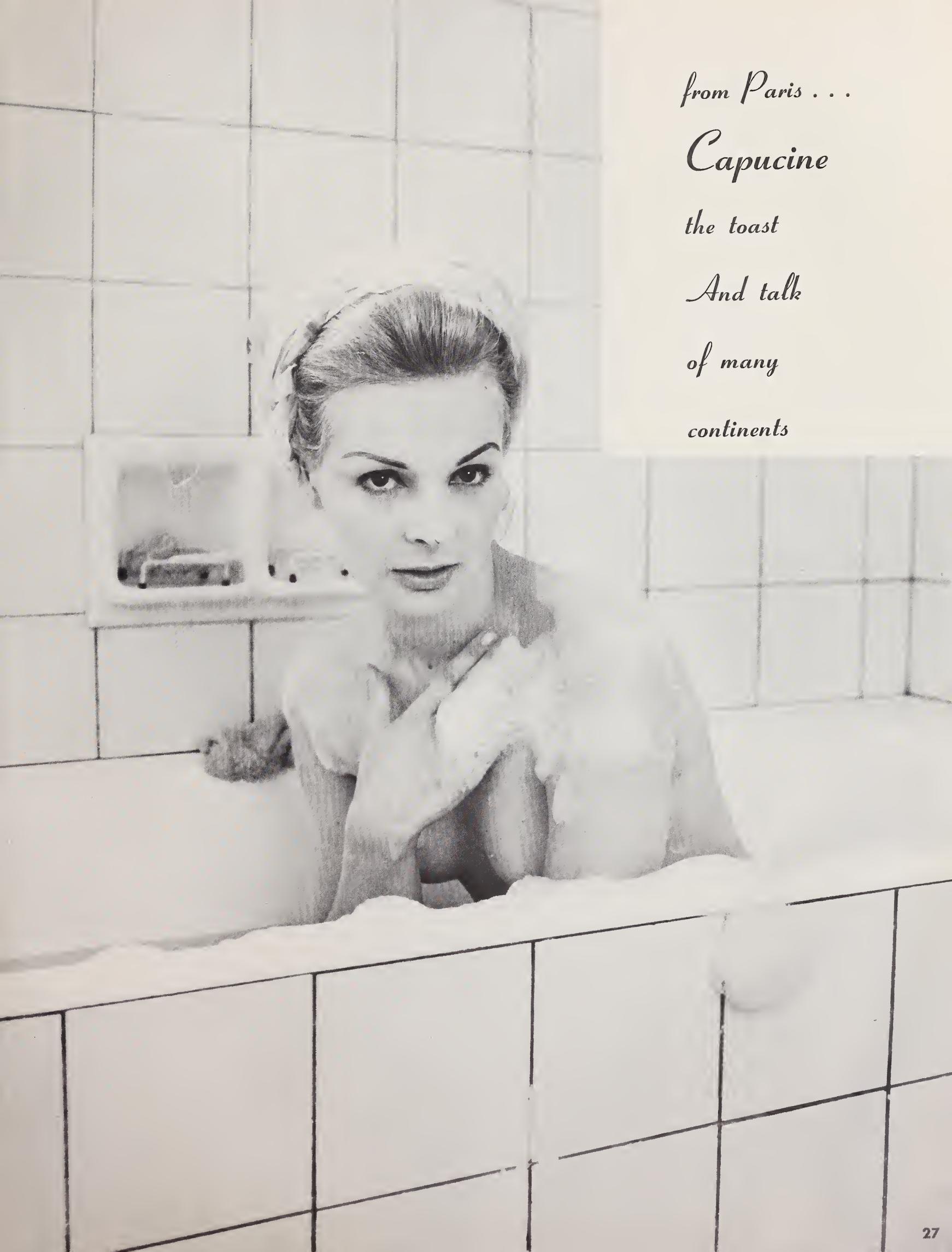
Capucine

the toast

And talk

of many

continents





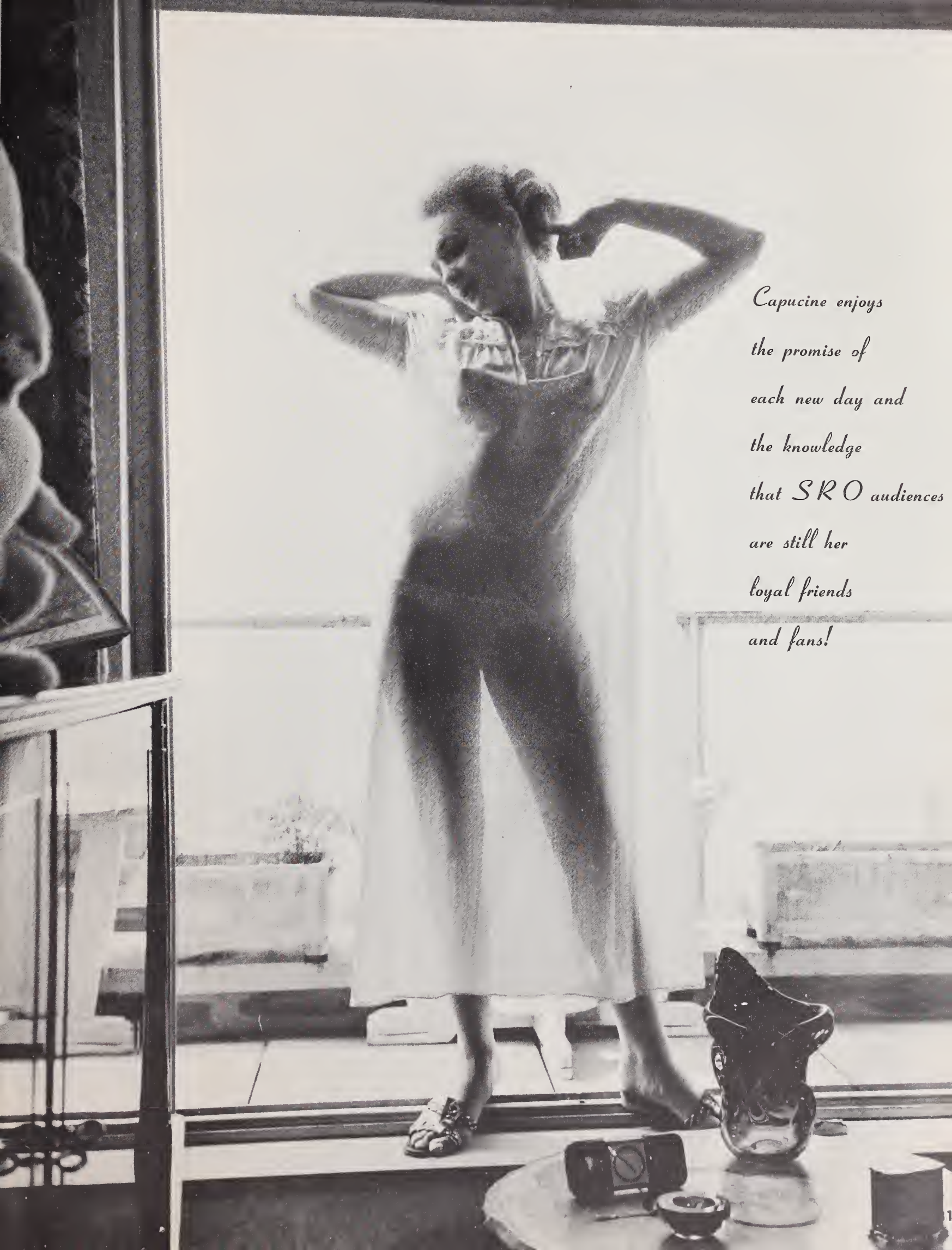
BEAUTY IN THE BATH . . . Capucine displays what are now her **NATURAL** charms! A top female impersonator at le Carrousel in Paris, Capucine decided to go all the way. Hers was not a quick decision — many things had to be thought out — many dangers had to be faced. The most important consideration was that her fellow impersonators would think of what she wanted to do. They agreed that Capucine should go ahead and do what she wanted. They liked her as a person — and admired her even more for sacrificing to have what was important to her.



After long, painful months, Capucine returned to the open arms of her friends — *legally a woman!*

More at home than ever before, Capucine fixes an early morning breakfast prior to a full day.





*Capucine enjoys
the promise of
each new day and
the knowledge
that SRO audiences
are still her
loyal friends
and fans!*

A WARDROBE FIT FOR A QUEEN — Paris Fashions Capucine can now wear 24 hours a day.

Her new life has brought wonderful things! Personally and professionally she's never been happier. Her dancing and singing are better than ever — and the outstanding qualities which she always had generate an even higher degree of acclaim from all!



Capucine's experiences as a female mimic came in extra handy when the change was complete. Today she is in demand for modeling, stage plays and movie work!





Capuccine



*40 Winks of Beauty Sleep Make A
Woman Even Lovelier . . . But It's
Not 'Goodnight' Yet — Just Turn
The Page For A Fabulous Shot Of
Capucine In Full Glamorous Color!*







NEW YORK'S FABULOUS 82 CLUB



Just a little bit east of famous Greenwich Village in New York City is America's famed 82 Club... Off the street and down a few steps and you're in a plush, lush, nite-club. Here, several times a night waves of people arrive to see a lavish, full-scale show...





MAN WHAT A SHOW! . . . The manly art of Female Mimicry reaches its highest form at the 82 Club. The talented performers — all MALE — thrill the audiences with numbers and routines equal to the finest Broadway musical comedy.





BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES are exquisitely designed by the world's famous designers. The highly rated revue is produced, directed and staged by Kitt Russell. Out-of-towners, and hard-to-please New Yorkers agree that the 82 Club is tops for originality, taste, talent and loads of fun! To some it may be confusin' — but it's always amusin'.





CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN . . . and nobody knows it better than the glamorous artists who appear at the 82 Club. Backstage, there are rooms filled with luxurious gowns, furs and jewelry — so valuable that they're insured for thousands of dollars!



**ON STAGE
AT
THE 82 CLUB**





82 CLUB





THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT — The show starts off with a bang and builds and builds to a grand finale! Shouts of "More! More!" echo through the club long after the lights go up — many stay on to catch the next show, and some stay from early in the evening till closing at 4 A.M.



PAINT . . . POWDER . . . PADDING — Three necessary ingredients for all female impersonators! The art of using them can spell the difference between a hit or “near-miss.”





VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE and the 82 Club's show is surely lively! Here we see a touch of spice as one of the stars performs a unique, perfectly-timed strip a la minnie. The illusion is complete with whistles from the men in the audience.



DANCE SEQUENCE



**POP
SINGER**



**BAWDY
BALLAD**



**STRIP
FOR ACTION**





ON STAGE AT NEW YORK'S 82 CLUB





Intimate scenes reveal the off-stage moments



of the cast as they relax between shows!



GRAND FINALE – To the acclaim of SRO crowds the cast of the 82 Club assembles to acknowledge the “Bravos” of a pleased audience. Each and every one of the performers is a hard worker – every day rehearsals are called and new routines are developed.



VINNIE SOMMERS ...

A Lad In
Leather
Can Be A
Lady-Killer





The mobile face of Vinnie communicates an attitude for the audience. The look says, "Come hither," but at the same time seems to say, "Stay away — Beware!" For more of Winnie, and his wonderful impersonations — catch the show at New York's 82 Club.



**ABBY
SINCLAIR...**

Ex- G.I.

NOW

A BRIDE-TO-BE





The story of Abby Sinclair has been front page news — her story has given new hope to others, and earned her respect from those who at first were shocked. For 26 frustrating years, Abby was Alvin . . . then the big step was taken and after torturous operations a new woman was born.



Just before the anesthesia took effect Abby said, "I'll awaken as a woman or not a all." Five hours under a surgeon's knife, and two days of a near-death coma followed. Fully recovered, 5 months later, Abby joined society, legally a woman — ready to lead a productive new life.





Abby's first stop as woman was Paris, where the champagne flowed at famous Maxims. Abby dated and danced—filled with the joy of living — and as Abby put it, "The joy of being me, at last." Shortly after the operation, Abby was spotted by a film producer and given a role in a major French movie. Previously Abby had been a female impersonator at such places as the Circus Bar in Miami, and with the Jewel Box Revue. Her vast stage experience and talents, are now making a big mark in the entertainment industry.

Love has come to Abby Sinclair, and in a few months she will become the legal wife of a practicing New York lawyer.



ABBY SINCLAIR



Abby is busy these days as a model and performer in clubs throughout the U.S.A. but she hopes to settle in New York soon and be a housewife most of the time.







Abby goes over some last minute details with one of her business managers. It's easy to see why the glamorous Abby Sinclair is so much in demand. Her lovely body stacks up with any of the many Hollywood s-e-x queens, and in many cases surpasses them!







ABBY SINCLAIR

(Continued from Page 13)

soprano might try to sing.

The boy-soprano then, as a man, would be able to take on female roles in the rich world of opera. The castrati would be able to command huge sums for performances.

They did!

These castrated singers were the darlings of the music world for almost 300 years. They sang female and male roles, both. They were adored by women, driving them to delirious joy. One English lady of royalty, Lady Bingley, went so far in her enthusiasm as to say of the greatest of all the castrati, "One God, one Farinelli!"

Farinelli was so adored that he ruled kings!

Both King Philip V and his son, King Ferdinand VI, surrounded this Mister Actress, Farinelli, with glitter and gold.

Furthermore, when Farinelli arrived in England, 1734, to sing in Handel's operas, the Prince of Wales gave him "a fine wrought snuff-box, richly set with diamonds and rubies in which was inclosed a pair of brilliant diamond knee-buckles, as well as a purse of one hundred guineas."

Just as the Mister Actress of Shakespeare's theatre received adulation and training, so to the Mister Actress of the opera world received praise, prayers and great riches!

So greatly did Farinelli embellish his riches that he was able to build a castle for himself with full servant staff, just like a king!

Handel wrote many operas for the male-soprano, the castrati. We can be well assured that if Handel wrote mighty music for Mister Actress, the female mimic must have had quite a superb voice.

(Just as an interesting side-light to the history of the castrati, I'd like to relate an anecdote about the symphonic composer Haydn, Joseph 'PAPA' Haydn:

Haydn had been a boy-soprano with a God-given beauty of vocal tone. The church authorities were ready to nominate him for castration. 'Papa' Haydn's parents said, "Nein!" Haydn missed being a male-soprano by that simple and all-important *no!* Of course, we'd probably never have had the great symphonies if Haydn had become a castrati. One era's loss is another era's gain!)

Farinelli was the supreme ruler, and he had fellow 'sisters' in the

roost.

Farinelli was temperamental, and as all the castrati were, he was also 'catty'. They all jockeyed for position and favor. Farinelli had rivals, and he constantly had to be on the outlook for intruders of his royal roost.

Senesino was his main rival who was almost equally favored by both public and royalty. The two of them had artistic fights for the favor of Handel. They both wanted operas to be written for them. Handel did write operas for both of them. In fact, Handel had a harem (!) to write for!

Women did sing opera along with the male-sopranos. They did not get along as well with the public, but it is known that they had their proper 'boudoir' adventures. Not till the end of the 18th Century (during Mozart's time) and into the beginning of the 19th Century did women come into their own place on the opera stage to hold supreme reign as sopranos.

Mister Actress was losing out. Why?

Western civilization was going through a peculiar change. People were beginning to rationalize everything; from man's-position-as-man to 'what is life all about?'

The French Revolution stabilized the position of man-as-man and woman-as-woman, whether in real life on the street, or glitteringly portrayed on the traffic of the deceptive stage.

A new form of entertainment was finding its way into public favor. This entertainment had nothing to do with plays or music or fiction. It was sheer entertainment known as vaudeville.

WELCOME, VAUDEVILLE!

The civilized world was mechanising itself, almost to the point of making robots out of people. (We still suffer from the mechanical bogus of the Industrial Revolution today!)

Everything had to have its reason, and its place; it was all nuts and bolts, cogs and wheels, steel, smoke and organizations.

Mister Actress, they said in effect was morally out of place in this new life!

But Society, in its busy business, always needs entertainment. Society needs to have the tears drawn from its eyes in tragedy, its belly shaken with laughter from comedy, and its heart warmed by the fires of romantic drama.

Society also needs its leg pulled.

Society needs satire!

Mister Actress discovered that if the stage no longer wanted him to play lovely Desdemonas and Juliets and, if opera no longer wanted the magnificence of his male-soprano voice, then he would find other means to express himself. He found the answer in vaudeville which welcomed him. Mister Actress found his place in satire.

Women wanted more freedom. They wanted to work along side of their menfolk.

Mister Actress had his work cut out for him when women declared their 'equality'. He was going to tease 'Madam Man'.

Mister Actress ransacked the attic for a bit of lace, a length of chiffon, some brocade, and a huge picture-frame hat. He also arrived at an attitude towards his performance. He was going to give women a ribbing; after all, Adam did it first!

Vaudeville was the perfect place for Mister Actress. He was going to burlesque the new-found masculinity of women by being femininely sweet, astonishingly engaging, and deceptively perfect in his portrayal of the fairer sex.

When Sarah Bernhardt, the fantastic French tragedienne, toured America, in her legendary production of CAMILLE, William Haywood immediately set-out to satirize her performance by donning almost similar clothes, and played a female mimicry of CAMILLE.

The audience rolled in the aisles.

Madame Bernhardt got very angry when she heard about Haywood's performance. When she saw it, though, she applauded. That was back in the 1890's.

Haywood was not the only joyous MISTER ACTRESS of that era. He had his fellow Female mimics.

You've probably never heard of Mr. Lillian Russell. I said, MISTER! Pete Shaw was MISTER Lillian Russell. He cavorted about in the same manner as the voluptuous Miss Russell.

This fair woman from Clinton, Iowa was far too good a target for Pete Shaw. Miss Russell was the toast of the town. 'Diamond' Jim Brady lavished great riches on this superb artiste.

It is doubtful whether Pete (Mister Lillian Russell) Shaw was made rich by Mr. Brady. Shaw did swell his bank account though by the gentle art of deception, female mimicry.

The Pete Shaws and William Haywoods would have none of the CHARLEY'S AUNT kind of acting. That was cheating a bit, because the young man in that play momentarily garbs himself in maid-enly frocks. While CHARLEY'S AUNT is an hilarious play, it is not quite suitable material for the true Female Mimic. Female impersonation must have more satire in it, and probably a little bit of pathos.

Florenz Ziegfeld, probably the greatest theatrical producer of our times, employed three female impersonators to embellish his already richly girded productions; Julian Eltinge, Frances Renault and Albert Carroll.

Julian Eltinge had a wardrobe far more extensive, far more brilliant than any of the leading ladies of the theatre. Eltinge attuned himself to every nuance of femininity at his command. The audience went wild.

Frances Renault followed in the footsteps of Eltinge, but he was somewhat vulgar in his performances, not quite the refined Mister Lady that Eltinge was.

Renault, along with appearing in Ziegfeld Follies, also filled Carnegie Hall, giving recitals of his critically acclaimed performances, showing off a superb wardrobe. Many women attended these recitals merely to gasp at his beautiful and abundant wardrobe.

Albert Carroll not only sang songs, he also acted the 'female' roles in sketches and plays. He was not as popular as Eltinge, the queen of them all, nor as explosive as Renault, the princess of them all, but Ziegfeld employed him for his Follies year after year.

Today what do we have?

We have the gaiety of the Jewel Box Revue and the Club 82 and other nightclubs. The entire shows are male, the entire costuming is female.

The gamut of these shows runs from the very farcical to the delicate!

We laugh at (and with) Mister Actress today. Mister Actress makes us laugh, but in Shakespeare's time, he made the audience weep.

Today's theatre does not call for Mister Actress to tear our hearts to a passion. But we are coming into a new era in theatre. The possibility that Mister Actress might once more find himself as a tragedienne becomes more and more certain.

Recently, at a small theatre-club, Cafe La Mama on Second Avenue, not far from the 82 Club in New York, a production of Jean Genet's THE MAIDS was given. The cast consisted of three people; an actress and two teenage boys. The play was about three women: a woman of wealth and finery, played by the actress; and her two maids, played by the teenage boys.

Genet specified that the two maids' roles should be played by young men. Louis Jouvet, who directed the first 1947 Paris production, decided not to follow the playwright's request. It is too bad that two Parisienne teenage Mister Actresses were not allowed to play those roles.

The play is about sham and deception we human beings play on one another. With 2 teenage boys playing the roles of the maids, the whole idea of the deception the author proclaims in the play comes to full and artistic life.

The theatre-club production at the Cafe La Mama had the service of 2 extremely gifted boys to play those roles. The standing-room-only audience applauded and cheered to such an extent that any First Lady of the Broadway stage would have envied the sound.

It is a break-through at least in the strange convention Society places on the stage.

If it is my contention that there are two more plays, besides THE MAIDS, which could use the service of Mister Actress to unusual advantage: George Bernard Shaw's SAINT JOAN, and Jean Anouilh's THE LARK.

Both plays are about Saint Joan, a tall, husky woman who wants to fight for her French cause.

History tells us that Joan was most UNfeminine, to the point of being ugly! If Mister Actress played the role with sensitivity, none of the impact of the play would be lost, and all of the poignancy of the beloved saint would be enhanced.

Somewhere, there is a theatrical producer who will have the strength and foresight to cast Mister Actress in the role of Saint Joan! Not only that, once he has done that, this theatrical producer will find that Mister Actress will serve theatre to better advantage in portraying the female roles in the Shakespearean plays. These roles were written for Mister Actress. He has a traditional right to those roles.

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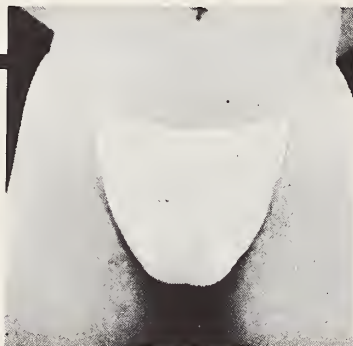
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theatres, men have played the female roles for many, centuries. One of the greatest Chinese 'actors' was Mei-Lan Fang. He played all the female roles of the Chinese repertoire, and when he toured America in the 1930's, audiences were brought to tears. Mei-Lan Fang was a family man and a good father. The theatre of the East makes no bones about the tradition of Mister Actress. Their theatre thrives; it has a huge and adoring following.

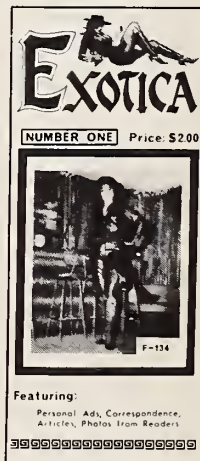
It is my hope, from years of theatre-going, that the modern audience will find respect for the art of acting that Mister Actress has at his command, the art of deception. Then, and only then will Mister Actress find his true heritage and his increased glamour!

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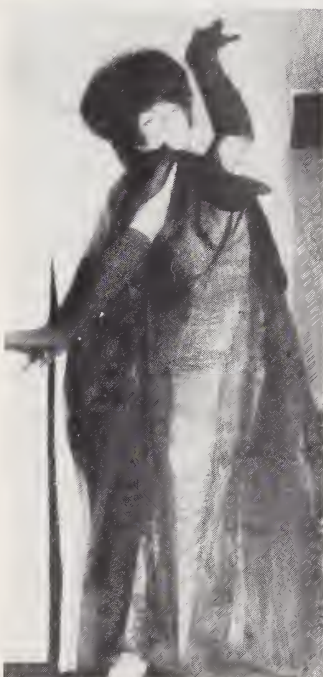
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From Our Mail Box



LESLIE CARROLL
THE
Male Eartha Kitt



Gentlemen:

Much to our chagrin, we have just read the third edition of your magazine "Female Mimics."

We, the cast of Finocchio's, have watched your magazine since its first edition, hoping to see a magazine which would help us in our building a better image of the "Art of Female impersonation." . . .

Now in your third edition, supposedly devoted to Female Mimics, you seem to feature "freaks" instead of performers . . .

Unfortunately your publication seems to have become a "hand" book for freaks, perverts, deviates, transvestities, lesbians etc., which has absolutely no bearing on the professional art of Female Impersonation. Certainly it does not enhance our profession.

Hoping to see a radical change in future publications, we remain,

Sincerely,

**THE CAST OF
FINOCCHIO CLUB**

P.S. Think you will print this ???

(Thank you for your letter. This is our reader's column, and we would not ignore your views. The tone of your letter seems to indicate a type of "judgment passing," which we at Female Mimics have tried, and with great success, to overcome. We feel that our honest, direct presentation of a subject, once looked upon with pure disdain,

has helped not hurt! And, we are surprised that you resent knowing about some of your fellow entertainers who have faced serious problems with tremendous courage!

Should we throw away their proven talents; the joy they bring to others — because of an operation? Would you ignore one of your own cast in such a case? (Please see P. 29.)

We are shocked that you think we have become a "hand" book for freaks, deviates etc., and we would appreciate knowing how you come by this information! We try to follow the wishes of our public AND therefore we would like to hear from other readers on this subject. We would also like to hear from you again. Thank you for your interest. —Ed.)

Dear Editors:

Again I write to tell you how much I love reading your Female Mimics — along with the interesting stories and pictorial essays, I personally find it exciting to see many of my friends between your covers.

I am sending you a copy of my latest picture composite, and hope you will have room to print it. As you can see I have collected quite a wardrobe, and it's a good thing because I have been very busy these days.

I am appearing in New York now, and in my next letter I may have news of a more extensive tour. Thank you again and best of luck with future issues of Female Mimics.

Best,

Leslie Carroll — N. Y.

(Always good to hear from you, Leslie — keep in touch! —Ed.)

Gentlemen:

On behalf of our show, "Cherchez La Femme" and myself, I would like to thank you for your recent article on our show.

We are doing very well in Canada and have recently added three more real girls to the show — just a bit more to confuse our audiences. Also have added several new numbers and some quite novel acts.

As of yet no plans are confirmed for a U. S. opening, although several offers are in discussion. Personally I hope we will soon be seen "at home."

Thought you might like enclosed pictures of yours truly as a blonde. The shots at the zoo were a publicity stunt for our version of "Hello Dolly." Hope you enjoy them . . . Thanks Again.

Jene Chandler

(We look forward to your bringing your show to New York and thanx for the pictures — ED.)



Dear Mr. Publisher,

I enjoy your "Female Mimics" and read it when ever I can. Because this is a new magazine I thought you would be glad to hear from one of your readers. The purpose of my letter at this time is to congratulate you for publishing this wonderful magazine dedicated to the art of Female Impersonation.

There are very few people in the world, especially in this country, that truly understand what a Female Impersonator really is. I believe if they would read your magazine they would have a better understanding of the unique art of Female Impersonation.

In closing I would like to make a suggestion. In the Premiere Issue you had a full page color picture of Mr. Kim August. May I suggest that you have a full color picture in every issue. I enjoyed it very much. Thank you for taking the time out of your busy schedule to read my letter. I'm looking forward to writing again.

Sincerely yours,

G.L.N. — San Diego, Calif.

A Grateful Reader

(Take a look at Pages 36-37, and thank you for your interest. Kim August, you may be interested to know, is now appearing in a new revue at New York's 82 Club . . . Looking forward to hearing from you again . . . ED.)

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Issue No. 5 of Female Mimics, and I wish to take this time now to congratulate you and your staff for putting together a wonderful magazine . . . I am an amateur Female Impersonator, with plans in the near future of becoming a professional. However I lack the talent of putting on make-up, and training the body for a more female look . . .

Soon, I hope to come to New York and plan to stop in and see shows at the 82 Club and the Crazy Horse Cafe, and might get a chance to talk to some of the professionals and get some pointers off of them, to better myself.

Please keep up the good work with your wonderful magazine, and am hoping to see it jump from 72 pages to 100 or more . . .

Yours truly,

A. D. — Philadelphia, Pa.

(Thank you for the pictures — sorry we couldn't reproduce them, but because of technical reasons they did not come out clearly. We think you've got a future, however — by all means stop and speak with some of the performers in the New York clubs — we're sure they will be pleased to help you — ED.)

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Dear Editor:

Recently I had the delightful pleasure of seeing your publication for the first time. And, after many adventurous hours of delightful reading, my only comment is "TERRIFIC."

The fine informative pictorial section is balanced beautifully by an excellent literary section. You have approached a very suppressed subject with all the fineness that could be expected; as a result, you will promote understanding within one group and yet bring enjoyment and information to another. I can only direct to you a hearty thank you.

As to myself, I am only a shy amateur. My interest and practice go back as far as I can remember. The too few and far between parties I have been able to attend brought an evening of enjoyment I will never forget.

I have been prompted on occasion to make a try at professional impersonation, but have never felt I possessed the real talent to do credit to this art. I have enclosed pictures which I hope you will be able to have space for.

Thank You,

G. A. — Chicago, Illinois

(Thank you for the great pictures. We think you should continue on — a little self-confidence could take you a long way. —Ed.)



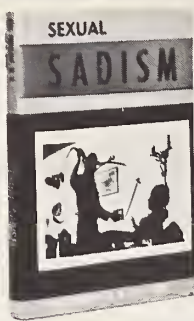
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Dear Editor:

Your Spring issue was out of this world. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed your delightful magazine.

Enclosed please find money order for your next issue, which I will be eagerly waiting for.

Also, enclosed are snap shots which were taken of me at a recent party.

Best of everything your great magazine.

Sincerely,
R. P. — Oak Park, Ill.



Dear Sirs:

I have been reading your magazine since you first began publishing "FEMALE MIMICS." I would have written much sooner but I surely thought your magazine could never make it off the ground. I admit that I was very mistaken.

So here is my congratulations on a superb magazine. Please go on printing your Masterpieces. I am a very avid reader and I know many others who are behind you all the way.

Enclosed please find some pictures which I had taken. I'd like your opinion. After all, who else would have such precise judgement but the men who make *female mimics* possible.

Sincerely,
Tony

(You come across in a most refined manner, and we like what we see in the photos. Your wig seems to be one of the finest made. —Ed.)

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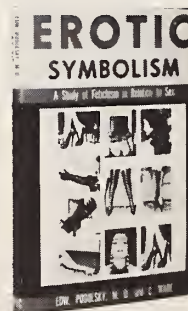
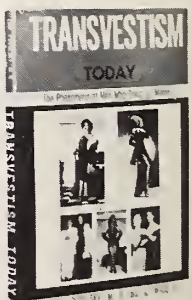
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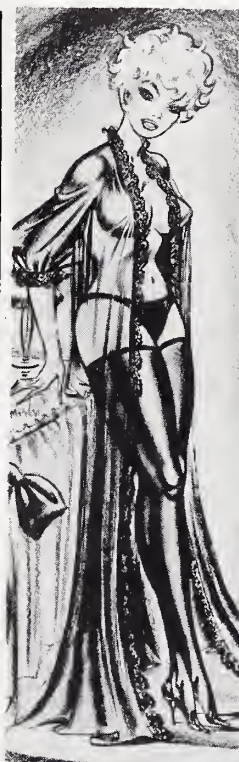
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